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War's Horrors.

A BRIGADE OF BRITISH TROOPS DEFEATED.

A despatch from Simla announces that Gen. Burroughs has been severely defeated by Ayob Khan, sustaining great loss. His forces were dispersed and compelled to fly, being pursued three miles. Two guns were lost. Gen. Burroughs' forces consisted of B battery of B brigade of Royal Horse Artillery, the 3d regiment of Scinde horse, the Poona horse, a detachment of the 69th foot—14 officers and 470 men—the 1st Bombay Native Infantry, making a total of about 2700 men. The army under Ayob Khan was stronger than was expected, consisting of 12,000 men and 36 guns well served. Strong reinforcements had been ordered to the front, and it would perhaps be necessary to send troops from England. Reinforcements are already on the way and will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Additional forces will be sent from India. It may be necessary to anticipate the usual season's relief from England.

From letters which have lately fallen into British hands, it has been feared of late that Abdurrahman was, while recently at Channab, playing a double game. "He has been exhorting the various tribes to be in readiness to follow his orders, and although his desires are most cautiously expressed, such recommendations look as though he were preparing to assume the offensive should he not obtain all desired concessions. Now that the harvest is over, there is much activity among the Afghans.

A Police Court Scene.

The last case on the docket was that of James Tracey, and no one felt disposed to smile when an old gray-haired man, his form bent and tottering, his hands shaking, came slowly out to answer to the charge of being picked up drunk on the streets. Poor old man! the face that should have been covered with wrinkles of peace and contentment, was scarred over with tell-tale signs of the cup; the eyes that should have been looking calmly toward the not-distant day when some kind hand will press down the lids, were blurred and red, and the aged man stood out before the court feeling that even the meanness of the spectators had never so compromised his name and dignity. He might never have been good—a good old man, speaking words of kindness to the erring, smoothing over the rough jogs for the young, bending down that snow-white head and praying that he might live long to enjoy the life given him for usefulness—but he was an old man, nearing his grave under the sods every hour; and the court kindly bade him go home and be a better man.

Awakening.

White as a blossom is the kerchief quiver,
Over her suppliant shoulders lightly laid;
Fairer than any picture men could paint,
In the cool orchard's fragrant light and shade.

She stands and waits: some pensive dream
Her beauty sweet, and bow her radiant head;
The delicate pale roses that she holds
Seem to have borrowed of her cheek the red.

She waits, like some superb but drooping flower,
To feel the touch of morning and the sun,
And o'er her head the glowing petals shower,
And to her feet the shifting sunbeams run.

I follow to her feet the pathway fine,
And while my voice the alarmed silence breaks
What starts, splendor from her deep eyes
Into what glory my rich flower awakes!

A MYSTERY.

She was a curious sort of woman. I could never quite make her out. Evidently she had a "past," but she would not tell me much about it, until a mere accident opened it all up.

Her husband must have been a man of good family, but an utter scamp, gambler, spendthrift and drunkard; all his own people turned their backs on him. Dropping lower and lower, he reached a very low ebb at last, and she had a bad time of it with him. They had been living somewhere in Yorkshire, he racing, betting—heaven knows what. The Doncaster meeting was coming round, and he found the region getting too hot for him, so he made a bolt of it and came to London, bringing her with him (they had no children); came, as I understood it, with a couple of portmanteaus, and under an assumed name—of course she never told me his real one. He took a small, old-fashioned furnished cottage for three months—a dilapidated place somewhere near Kilburn, quite on the outskirts, and where the new neighborhood, which has now sprung up, was only then first beginning to be thought of.

They had been in this abode but three days, when what happened? They were without a servant—in the house alone, in fact, the wife becoming the drudge meanwhile. A high wall surrounded the garden in which the cottage stood, it having been a neat little box in its day, in the country. At night and now almost disused road ran along one side of this wall, which had a door in it amongst some thick trees. Well, it was early in September; the weather was close and sultry, and in the evening as it was getting dusk, she strolled out and sat down on a bench under these trees near the door, leaving him sulkily smoking in the house.

"Sad and miserable indeed was I as I sat there," went on my friend, "thinking and thinking in the silent gloaming. Everything was still as death in that dreary neighborhood, so that when the sound of a footstep coming slowly along the road by the side of the wall caught my ear, I almost started; but when I heard the footstep suddenly totter, then stop close to the door and stagger against it, I rose from sheer nervousness. When to this sound succeeded a long-drawn gasp and moan, and then a heavy thud, as of the person falling to the ground, with an instinctive pity I flew to the door, and drawing back the bolt, gently opened it. There on the step lay, as well as I could see by the twilight, a young well-dressed man. He made an effort to rise when he saw me, partly regained his feet, caught at the door-post, staggered and fell headlong into our garden. All this was but the work of a moment, and now thoroughly alarmed and hardly knowing what I did, I closed the door and rushed into the house. My husband met me on the threshold.

"What now? What's all that scolding about?" he said.

"Timidly I told him.
"You fool, are we not hard-up enough already, but you must be playing the Good Samaritan, and let the man in! Do you want to turn the place into an hospital? He's drunk no doubt."

"With this he reached the spot where the unfortunate man lay face downwards upon the edge of the soft uneven lawn. Gently turning him over, my husband went on:

"Why, he's dying, if not dead; we must fetch a doctor. A pretty mess you have got us into; but we must go through it honestly, or else who knows what we may be charged with—murder, perhaps! Be off and get a doctor; there's a red lamp at the second turning at the left down this road."

"I flew to do his bidding, terrified by his words, which I saw had some reason in them, and had nearly reached the house, when he called out:

"Here, go out this way, by this door into the road; it's nearer."

"I returned, and was about to open the garden door, close to which he was still bending over the body, when I saw he was examining the contents of a large portmanteau, which he had taken from the pocket of the prostrate, unconscious man. It seemed to be full of notes and gold. I hesitated, but fearing to molest, was drawing back the bolt, when he whispered:

"Stop—wait a minute. Did any one see you let him in?"

"No one; there is not a creature about, and the road is not overlooked," I answered.

No, nor this corner of the garden

where we are—no, it's too much shut in by trees and it's getting too dark."

"Whilst speaking, he was looking around, to assure himself that he was unobserved, and, seeming satisfied, began to further examine the contents of the young man's pockets, and to transfer the portmanteau, a letter or two, a handsome gold watch and chain and a scarf-pin, to his own.

"What are you doing?" I timidly asked.
"Mind your own business," he said, "do as I tell you and hold your tongue. I'll go for the doctor myself; but first of all we must get him into the house. Here, catch hold of his feet."

"Then, without listening to my protests, my husband raised in his arms the slim, helpless form of the young man, and with my assistance, carried him along the path, under the shadow of the high wall and trees, into the house, and laid him on a sofa in the little breakfast-parlor by an open sash window that looked upon the lawn.

"Light a candle and pull down the blind, get some water and brandy; he is not quite dead," said my husband, whilst examining the man's pocket-handkerchief. "No initials, nothing to identify him by. Good! Now I will go for the doctor; you stay with him. Put a little more brandy to his lips from time to time, loosen his necktie—so, and now, mind, when I return with the doctor, if there have been any signs of consciousness, or if the poor fellow speaks at all, keep it to yourself; don't say a word. You can tell me when the doctor is gone. The man is not dead; but he will die, I think, and if he does die without speaking—well, we shall lose nothing by our hospitality; it's worth risking. Mind, now, what I tell you," he added, with a fierce look at me; "if you don't fill the death of you."

"Then he went out through the front door and gate, ostentatiously in a hurry, and I heard him running down the silent road. I turned to my patient, and found him still breathing, but quite unconscious.

"Terrified and bewildered, I hardly know how long it was before I heard hurrying footsteps again on the road; and presently, having let himself in by the latch-key, my husband appeared with a stranger, the doctor—a seedy, needy-looking man.

"Rapidly examining the patient, he said, with his finger on the pulse: 'Is he alive?' 'Yes, your younger brother, you say?'

"Yes," answered my husband promptly, with a significant look at me, as I started at his reply.

"The doctor had his ear on the man's chest, while my husband continued with assumed emotion:
"My youngest, my favorite brother, dear Sir, pray tell me—ah! I fear by your face; but say, is there no hope?"

"The doctor shook his head.

"Oh, will he die?"

"The doctor bowed his head, and my husband buried his face in his hands for a moment.

"I was agitated, perplexed beyond measure, and was about to speak, when another fierce look checked me.

"When the doctor had moistened the patient's lips once more with brandy, he said with professional gravity:

"It is my painful duty to tell you that you must prepare for the worst."

"Ah, I feared so," said my husband.

"My poor brother was supposed to have disease of the heart; it was the opinion expressed by a physician two years ago."

"This is not the heart," said the doctor, feeling the pulse again. "This is cerebral hemorrhage—apoplexy, in fact. He is all but gone; nothing can be done."

"Then there was a slight convulsion, and the doctor continued:

"I fear I can be of no further use professionally; but can I help you to do what is necessary now or do you know any?"

"No, we know no one in the neighborhood; we are strangers here," interrupted my husband. "We are from Cornwall, and have come to live in London, and have only been in the house three days. My brother came to stay with us yesterday. He has been out all day. The moment he came in he fainted, and then—and then I ran for you. Will there be any need for an inquest?"

"Indeed," said the doctor, "I'm afraid there will."

"Oh, how very distressing!" went on my husband. "Can we not be spared this pain?"

"The other paused, and then said slowly, with a peculiar expression on his face:

"Well, surely, surely with what you tell me, and with what I have seen of the case, I might perhaps certify, and so spare you the distress of an inquest."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," said my husband earnestly, as I saw him press a couple of the sovereigns he had lately taken from the dead man's pocket into the doctor's hand.

"Very well then," answered that functionary. "I will manage it, and do all that is necessary. I will send some one immediately. Good night."

"When he was gone I summoned up courage to ask the meaning of what I had heard.

"What are your intentions? Pray tell me," I said.

"You always were an idiot," he answered; "but I will try and make you understand for once in a way. Any woman who was not a fool, and had been a loving wife and alive to her husband's welfare, could have seen with half and

eye what my game is. It is a very simple one, and mind you do not spoil it, or it will be the worse for you; and that you may have no excuse for doing so I'll tell you plainly what it is. There was something like \$600 in notes and gold in that poor devil's pocket-book. There is nothing to show who he was to anybody but me, who luckily can keep a secret, so I shall not tell you his name; besides it does not signify. Not a soul but our two selves knows how he came on my premises; he can never be traced here. I pass him off as my brother, and bury him accordingly. No one hereabouts knows who we are, so who is to say he is not my brother? Had he good luck brought him up to our hospitable gate at the critical moment, had he been the far-seeing, clever woman you are, and not let him in, why he would have fallen down him in the public highway and his property been at the mercy of the first person who found him. They might have been honest or not. He would have been taken to the hospital, and, of course his friends would have been duly informed of the sad loss they had sustained. Now, as it is, they will be spared the sorrow, because they will never know what has become of him."

"Well, but," I broke in, "his friends will make inquiries for him. He may be traced to our gate, and we will be called upon to explain."

"We may be," continued my husband, "but it is sufficiently unlikely. It will be a cursed piece of ill-luck if he is. Who is to trace him into this God-abandoned region? Under all the circumstances and by your own showing it is most improbable—nay, it is impossible."

"Yes," I again interposed, "but he will be advertised for and described."

"Very likely," he went on, "but the doctor and the undertaker are the only people besides ourselves who have seen him, and they will have nothing to identify him by, even if they ever know or hear anything about the disappearance. They will never recognize in my dear and brother, poor John Smith, who died of apoplexy here in my house, under the very eye of the doctor, the forlorn man by the name of—(but I will keep that to myself), 'who was last seen, etc., etc., as the advertisement will run. No; they will not know the name. I will convey nothing to their minds; how should it? For remember the moment you so judiciously let him in and closed our garden door upon him, the lost man had ceased to be."

"For brother John, the real man was gone as clean out of existence, had as clean parted with his identity, as if he had never been. By heavens, it's a stroke of genius on my part! I never guessed I was half so clever a fellow," added my husband triumphantly.

"But," cried I once more, "this is a very dangerous game, as you call it, to play. It is absolutely theft, and worse."

"If you cannot use better language," he said, "hold your tongue. Don't insult me. I tell you the money might as well have fallen into my hands as into those of the first policeman or post-boy who might have found him. I want it badly enough, and if you don't betray our secret, there is very little risk of my right to it being disputed."

"But," I said, "the watch and rings, as well as the money—they may lead to your discovery."

"Not at all," he answered, "if they are carefully converted, and I will manage that. The notes are the only difficulty; but I can get over that too. If I go straight to the Bank of England tomorrow morning, directly it is opened, and change them into gold, I shall be there long before their loss is known, or, consequently, their numbers stopped. The young fellow perhaps will not be missed for a week; he comes a long way from here; I have seen enough to tell me that. We do not know what his habits were; we do not even know that any one was aware he had the money about him. No; the more I think of it the safer the whole game looks. You have only to keep your own and my counsel and our fortunes are retrieved for a few months, and we have nothing to fear. Ah! that's the undertaker, no doubt. You get out of the way; leave it all to me."

"There was a ring at the bell here, which he went to answer.

"Ah, that was a dreadful night, and during the few days following I was nearly beside myself with terror. Of course the house was closed, as became the occasion. The funeral—a very quiet one—took place in due course at Kensal Green cemetery, my husband following as chief mourner in the coach, accompanied by the doctor.

"No remarks, no suspicion attended so commonplace a circumstance, and when the ground had closed over the unfortunate unknown man, and when a week later a modest tombstone recorded the decease of the imaginary 'John Smith,' aged 33, all trace of the dreadful fraud, save that which he printed indelibly in my mind was gone."

Her husband utterly deserted her in less than six months afterwards, and she was left—well, what does that matter? To this day she knows nothing of who or what the unlucky fellow was, where he came from, or whether he was ever inquired after; but though when she told me her story, seven years had passed since the evening she let him in at the garden door, and he fell all but dead at her feet, she very naturally felt—and no doubt still does feel—extremely uncomfortable when any chance reference is made to a missing man.—All the Year Round.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

Jennie Junebug Visits New York.—The Simple Maid Falls in Love.—The Object Turns Out Badly.

"I was riding in a Broadway stage one day, and there was a young gentleman who was very polite. He helped me in, picked up my parcel and handed my fare with the manner of a prince, and he just looked at me all the time with such a lovely expression, sad and lonely as anything. His eyes were dark and mournful, and his hair was yellow as gold, and his cheeks were red as could be, and his mustache was like silk, and was waxed to points like needles, and his hands were white as lilies, and his feet were the daintiest. He looked just like Byron's Corin. I fell in love at the first moment I saw him, and I felt sure from his steady gaze that he was smitten, too. I got out at Macy's, and he helped me down and gave a sigh, oh! so deep, and his eyes filled with tears, as though he would say, 'Am I never to see you again?'

"I felt awfully bad, but I did not dare to speak to a stranger, and so I bowed and went in. I turned and looked over my shoulder to see if he had gone, but he was standing and looking after me. I felt my cheeks grow hot, and in my confusion I dropped my portmanteau, and in an instant he was there and had picked it up, and gave it to me as if I were an empress. It fell open and one of my cards fluttered out, and he picked it up and asked me with his eyes if he might keep it. I did not say no, and then he gave me his, and without a word turned sorrowfully away. Oh, his eyes were so beautiful!

Well, I dreamed of him all night, and the next day went out in the hope of meeting him again, but I never saw him. His name was Fitz Arthur Van Kline. Isn't it beautiful? I cried a little that evening, and sat by the open window looking at the moon, and in the morning I put great rings of bistre around my eyes, and no rouge on my cheeks, and went slowly down stairs, as if I was in profound grief. Fred was man enough to say that I ought to take salts, for he was sure I was sick. I could have told him there was no sickness like a broken heart, but I knew he would only laugh at me. About two o'clock that afternoon I was sitting mournfully in my room and grieving over my sorrows, and wishing I might die and be carried into church, and that then he might come to me.

"There he came all white and cold, and I cried myself, thinking how he would feel. I couldn't go out, for I had spilt every drop of my eyebrow liquid, and there isn't any to be gotten in New York under twenty-four hours' notice, and I had one eyebrow done, and it won't wash out—when Bridget came up with a superb bouquet for me, and although there was no name I felt sure it was from him, and I was so happy. Life seemed worth living again."

"The next day I got more eyebrow liquid and dressed and went out to the Park, but I did not see him, and I wandered lonely among the trees, and at last turned homeward. I slipped upon a banana peel and would have fallen, but a strong arm suddenly caught me, and when I opened my eyes after my faint (for, of course, I fainted, as was perfectly proper under the circumstances, for Mrs. Penobscot says a graceful swoon is the most effective thing a lady can do), I saw in my preserver my hero. I murmured, 'My preserver!' and very nearly fainted again, so that he had to support me, and he asked me tenderly if I was hurt. I could hardly walk, and so he led me to a seat, and we sat awhile and talked. We found our tastes were so much alike; we loved skating and dancing and theaters, and he thought Mary Anderson divine, and Nelson, and oh, lots of other things. At last it was time to go home. I did not dare invite him to call, for fear father would be angry, and I wanted to see him again, and I did not dare propose nor even accept a plan to meet him elsewhere, and my heart grew heavy. He casually remarked that his health was delicate and he was in the Park every afternoon, and generally near where we were seated, and I said that I often came there, too, to get the fresh air; and so I found that we should not be entirely separated by cruel fate, and I had made no compromise with my maidenly dignity. Well, I saw him nearly every day for a fortnight, and grew to love him devotedly, but alas!—and that's why I am so tired of this hollow world. One day I went down town to see about getting a servant, and I passed a place where I saw a common looking woman hand a coarse, fat baby to a man sitting on the doorstep in his shirt sleeves, and a couple of other children were at his feet and bawling for 'pappy' to give them a penny. It was my hero. I gave him one look of contempt and passed on. He turned all sorts of colors. I went home and cried for his shattered dreams. If ever I fall in love again I shall be with some one who at least would not be married and have red-headed children. But, oh, it is so hard to love a young fellow, especially a tramp, and to be marked as a sorrow's victim."—N. Y. Mail.

HAMMOCK TOPICS.

Central Park, New York, contains 867 acres in area. Phoenix Park, Dublin, one of the largest parks in the world, contains 1758 acres.

Skip the weather reports, ignore the thermometer, quit fanning and fuming, and see how much more tolerable the weather becomes.

A few flowers or a bouquet prettily arranged, and placed on the table at meal time, will produce a great deal of pleasure, and thus promote digestion with all.

The Judea tree in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, have ceased to exist. They had been planted by Bonaparte in 1775, in the avenue leading from the zoological to the botanical garden, in two lines.

Color-blindness is said to be induced by the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco—one good reason, among many, why it is wisest not to use either at all, lest the use become excessive.

When a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

Our summer habit of scattering ourselves all over the land favors this happy consummation. Families who would never meet in town, live side by side in country places for long and leisurely weeks. Here are opportunities for great gain. Men and women are wise who are always alert to surprise agreeableness wherever it lurks.

An allopathic physician claims to have discovered the true inwardness of mosquitoes. The secretion which they so delicately insert—the subcutaneous injection, so to speak—is said to be identical with the favorite drug, quinine, which is supposed to possess wonderful curative powers in case of malaria chills and fever, and the like.

"Dipping" is the latest London amusement. The Countess of Antrim, it seems, recently invited people to an "at home" through cards which had in the corner, "dipping at 4.30 precisely," and "dipping" proved to be what is called a grab bag at church fairs, except that each guest drew forth some small and elegant present—which, as is well known, does not happen at fairs.

The free ice water-fountain, opened to the public at the New York Central Park, has been a great success during the first week. It is stated that the "sa- loons" and "sample-rooms" in the neighborhood have felt the presence of this neighbor, in reduced custom. There is no doubt that a great deal of liquor- tipping is due to the fact that the thirsty wayfarer in the street cannot find a handy glass of water.

When parents learn to rear their children by instilling into their very being the idea that life is worth the living, that each must live it for himself, and from his own entries in the journal of life will the "balance" be struck, then we may reasonably expect the "harem-scaram" of youth to put on an air of responsibility, to temper the unbridled within them so that it may never reach the uncontrollable, yet not rob youth of its freedom and gaiety.

The life of a submarine telegraph cable is from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old, it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight, and cable companies are compelled to put aside a large reserve fund, in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea eats the iron away completely, and if crumbles to dust, while the core of the cable may be perfect. The breakages of cables are very costly, and it is a very difficult matter to repair them, in comparison with a land line.

The manufacture of sheet lead for the lining of tea-chests is an important industry in Hong Kong. The melted lead is pressed into sheets by hand between pairs of large paving tiles smoothly covered with several layers of unsized paper. As he drops the melted lead on one tile the workman quickly presses it into a sheet with the other. The paper being a bad conductor of heat, the lead does not solidify immediately it leaves the ladle; and as by long practice the workman always ladles out exactly the same quantity of lead, the sheet's vary but little in either size or thickness. The sheets are afterward trimmed by hand with large shears.

Punishing a Pedestrian.

Considerable interest has recently been awakened in many gymnastic and athletic societies of Berlin by a walking match arranged between the celebrated pedestrian Freeman and one Kalperneck, a private in the 5th company of the Kaiser France grenadier guards. The distance agreed upon, 270 English miles, was one well calculated to test the powers of endurance of both competitors, and the match was brilliantly won by the Prussian grenadier, who strode past the winning-post nearly three hours before Freeman gave in, the latter having walked 268 miles in 54 hours. "Kalperneck occupies the proud position of 'continental walking champion.' Besides winning the stake, he was presented with \$125 by his backers, as a 'reward of his victory.' But the otherwise perfect joy of his success was somewhat dashed by the infliction of three days' pack drill imposed upon him by his commanding officer, upon the technical ground that a Prussian soldier may not make a public exhibition of himself.

RELIGIOUS.

Effective Missionary Work.

In 1821, an African lad was captured in a village about 100 miles from the Bight of Benin, and put on board a slave-ship, from which he was subsequently rescued by the English government and landed at Freetown. In 1825, when 15 years of age, he was baptized, and sent to England to study. Soon after, a Bible-school for training native students to preach was established at Sierra Leone, and the young African, who had been named Samuel Crowther, was recruited and placed in this school, where he remained as student and teacher until 1841. At this time, Lord John Russell's famous Niger expedition selected Mr. Crowther as interpreter, and while exploring the territory on the west bank of the Niger, he became exceedingly interested in the people living in the villages of the country. When the purpose of that expedition was abandoned, Mr. Crowther gave himself to missionary work in the towns he had visited. To fit him more thoroughly for this, he was sent to England, where he remained till 1843. He then returned to his chosen field, reduced the language of the people to writing, and preached the Gospel to them in their native tongue. At one of his preaching stations, he discovered his mother, brother and two sisters, who had been held in slavery for many years, and secured their ransom. Among his first converts in the great town of Abeokuta, was his own mother. At this place, he commenced preaching in 1845. In 1861, there were reported to be 1,500 converts as the result of his labors. In 1864 he was consecrated "African Bishop of the Niger." Since then he has proceeded with his great work with many additional facilities. Some friends in England have secured for him a steamboat, valued at more than \$2,000, by which he is able to visit his mission stations, now nine in number, located along the river, and superintend some 22 native preachers and helpers under his charge. At an early age he married Asano, a girl delivered from bondage at the same time with himself, and instructed in the same school. Several children were born to them, and some of these, at least, are very worthy and helpful to their father.

—American Missionary.

What then? Let us dare to teach Christianity. Let us cast off this Saul's armor of the modern, of the middle age of England's greatness, and let us be satisfied to stand by the old truths of the Gospel as the Gospel puts them.—Independent.

Men seek to drown their sorrows amid the excitement of the world; but God is not there. The world brings no comfort, but only emptiness and unrest. To the soul, there can come no showers of refreshing, only from the riches of his love who gives us all things.—W. O. Cushing.

God's law is binding to the letter. His moral law is as imperative, as wide-reaching, as all-embracing, as his physical law, and the penalty for its violation is as sure to follow any breach. There are no small sins in the sight of God. The smallest will sink a soul into perdition as certainly as the greatest.—Prof. E. H. Carpenter.

The Church of Scotland mission at Blantyre, on the Shire River, Africa, has opened another station. The new station is at Zomba, on the west side of the Shire river. It is a very elevated and secure spot, where thieves could be barred out. The station is on the borders of Chemiunbe and Malemia, whose respective chiefs are hostile to each other. The design is to teach both tribes. The neighborhood is quite a populous one, and 4,000 people have asked the missionaries to become their protectors.

Rev. John Russell, nearly fifty years vicar of Synbridge, in North Devon, and known as the "brave old hunting clergyman," has been transferred now in his 86th year to the valuable and pleasant benefice of Black Torrington by Lord Poltmore, and has been presented at the residence of the Duke of Bedford by the Prince of Wales, Earls Fortescue and Devon, and a number of nobles and gentlemen, with a silver tureen and a purse of £250, as a token of affection.

When men are reasoning upon the subject of God, and say, "Why does he permit pain? Why does he let diseases scatter themselves over the earth? Why does he allow poverty when he could just as well make every body rich? Why did he suffer evil to come into the world? Why does he not do this, or why does he not do that?" they are implying that the ideal creation would be one in which happiness would be the final end, and in which to make folks happy would be the greatest evidence of divine benevolence.

—H. W. Beecher.

The mission at Orville Cal., was a first attempt to deal with the Chinese miners. It was begun, so far as down-right and determined effort was concerned, February 1st, and continued till June 1st. The school closed during the hot months, but will be resumed, about October 1st. Six Chinese are reported as converted. They would come to hear Lee Haim or Lem Chung preach, through the little mission house sometimes, and listening to the Gospel, as, indeed, news, good news, with eyes fixed and ears and even mouths wide open.

Meredith Eagle.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1880.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Subscribe for your home paper.
The most valuable prize—inter-price.

F. P. Cox has taken charge of Wilson's hair dressing rooms.

The Belknap County Fair occurs September 21, 22 and 23, at Lacoia.

A Dow & Thompson flag was thrown to the breeze Saturday evening.

Born in Meredith Village, Aug. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Maloon, a daughter.

J. M. Hoyt has closed his consular business in this place and located in Lake Village.

Moses Bickford's horse was stolen Saturday night. It was found tied to a tree in the woods. The thief has not yet been found.

W. J. Tuttle is canvassing this place for campaign pictures of Hancock & English. They can be obtained of B. F. Shepard.

Mr. J. R. Quimby with a party of five, recently took a trip to the summit of Mt. Moosilauk. They reported a stormy time in that region.

We were glad to see Messrs. Dustin & Colby at the Gospel Temperance meeting, last Sunday evening, as their playing added very much to the interest of the meeting.

J. S. Roberts has exhibited a corn stalk growing on his farm measuring nine feet, nine and three-fourths inches, which compares favorably with those previously reported.

The fifth annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Temperance Camp Meeting will be held at Weirs commencing Tuesday, Aug. 17th, at 2 p. m., and closing Friday evening, Aug. 20th, 1880.

We have come into possession of several copies of the Evening Reporter, published at Woonsocket, R. I. and are very much pleased with this penny paper. It contains a good supply of reading matter with short spicy paragraphs, making it an interesting sheet.

We would invite the farmers to contribute items of interest concerning the farm and garden, and should be pleased to receive communications from any one on agricultural topics. Help make the Eagle a medium through which to gain and give information.

We were unavoidably delayed in issuing the Eagle last week, our Meredith subscribers not receiving their papers till Saturday evening, and we noticed considerable anxiety on the part of many at not receiving the paper. This is gratifying indeed, and shows the esteem in which our paper is held.

There was an increasing attendance at the Gospel Temperance meeting Sunday evening, over those held for the past few weeks. Scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Barl; prayer by Rev. Mr. Eskine. The opening remarks by the president were as usual full of encouragement. Those following were Rev. James Graham, W. B. Reynolds, Marshall Blake, E. Swan, K. Vansy, Dr. Mason and Rev. J. Eskine.

Last Tuesday evening Waukegan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. G. T., celebrated their fifteenth anniversary, and it proved a very enjoyable occasion for all present. Remarks were made by Rev. James Graham, Rev. G. I. Bard and Rev. Mr. Palmieri. Bro. James Beede gave an interesting account of the establishment and growth of the order. He was followed by Bros. Cox, Plaisted, Lang, Mason and J. Fred Beede. A paper by Miss M. Ella Bard and the recitation of "Beautiful Snow" by Miss Lina Towle, both deserve special comment. At the close of these exercises a collation of ice-cream and cake served and thus closed a very pleasant evening in the history of the Waukegan Lodge.

J. R. Quimby, our Meredith jeweler, would respectfully announce to the citizens of Meredith and vicinity that he is now fully prepared to do all kinds of repairing pertaining to the business. Particular attention will be paid to repairing and adjusting fine watches, and will do the best that can be done with cheapness, making the prices accordingly. Having had eleven years' experience, he feels confident that he fully understands the business in all its branches. Furthermore, that his experience in the wholesale business and connection with the Watchmakers' & Jewelers' Union, entitles him to an inside track in buying goods, which no jobber without these advantages, and especially those dealers who know little or nothing about the business, can possibly have. All watches bought of him are taken down and examined, thoroughly oiled and tested in the adjustment before they are offered for sale; also accompanying each watch is a written guarantee as to their accuracy for time and quality, of case and movement, which guarantee cannot be given and substantiated by any but an experienced workman. No charge will be made on watches sold, for putting in new main springs, cleaning and oiling for the term of two years.

The Grand Union Hotel, situated near the center of the city, close to Grand Central Depot, is the place to stop when visiting N. Y. It is elegantly furnished throughout and every comfort is afforded the guest. It is very commodious, accommodating several hundred. A large, splendid dining room connected with the house. The horse cars and elevated steam cars run very near, making it convenient to go to all parts of the city.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

Nothing has yet been done about rebuilding the Plymouth House. It is understood that Mr. Cyrus Sargent, residing opposite, is desirous of purchasing the site in order to prevent the erection of another hotel, and has offered a good price for it, but without avail.

Our correspondent "Miron" called at this office on Monday morning, last, on his way to Saugus lake for a week's black bass trolling, with Drs. (Juris and medicine) Quackenbos. He expects a good time, and if anything of special interest turns up, we are promised an account.

Prof. Pearl, first principal of the Normal School, died seven years ago last Wednesday. The fact that he was the first principal ought to be inscribed on his modest tablet in Trinity Churchyard. The student might cause it to be done or make some memorial improvements about his lot.

An extra train will start from here to-morrow morning for Weirs at 9 o'clock, leaving there at 5 o'clock on the return, stopping at the various stations between. The Unionian gave meeting is still in progress, and by going you can hear Rev. Mr. Calthrop, a distinguished clergyman of Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the able lecturer, and others. Reduced fares.

The two fast bridges across the river in front of the Penikese Island House are completed. They each connect the large gravelly island in the middle, the longer one being on the east side. The piers of the structures are pieces of wood set deep in the gravel and stones to prevent their being moved by high waters. The object of building was to give access to the base ball, croquet and other amusement grounds over there.

A few days since, Dannie Donovan, sister, and Annie Clark went to pick blueberries and found a nest of hawks full grown. They captured four in spite of biting and scratching. J. H. Gill shot another and Fred Sargent then brought down the two old ones at two shots, on the wing, making seven in all. They measured from three to four feet, and the heaviest for them is \$1.40. The nest was in the swamp back of J. H. Gill's residence.

The guests of the Penikese Island House are more than pleased with the superb music of the orchestra playing there this season. Prof. E. F. Moore is the leader, and the prompter is said to be one of the best in New England. The following are the members: Prof. E. F. Moore, 1st violin and 1st alto; J. Billings, 2nd violin and 2nd alto; E. A. Walker, bass and tuba; F. E. Stalker, clarinet; Arthur Perry, tenor and baritone; E. Constock, 2d violin, tenor and prompter.

The new tomb of Trinity Churchyard is well advanced and it is expected that it will be completed this month. It is located near the road at the southwest corner of the cemetery, and already has its four stone walls partly finished. It is to be built, arched and floored with brick, part of which is already laid. The rounded roof is to be covered with turf and the sides as well, for it is sunk part way into the ground to begin with. It is about 16 feet long by about half as high, and will cost \$625. It will accommodate over a dozen, and is a credit to those having it in charge.

Mr. Van N. Bass has been circulating a petition up Kinnear way, of late, for his appointment as post-master here. Our citizens are generally well enough satisfied with the present worthy official, Mr. W. D. Blaisdell; but in accordance with the present principles of politics, in case there should be a change of administration, there would probably be a new post-master appointed. However, judging from what people of both parties say, there is not much desire to have V. N. B. installed, but rather the contrary. Mr. B.'s early start is commendable for himself, but some people think he is a little too "previous."

Thomas O. Bigner, about 50 years old, a major of a Wisconsin regiment in the rebellion, later an extensive Louisiana cotton broker, and after going to Colorado for his health, where he edited a newspaper, died at the Mount Prospect house, Monday evening. The cause of his demise was an injury to his spine caused by a carriage accident some time ago. He, with an invalid sister, came to the Plymouth house early in the summer to improve their health. Since the five they have been stopping at the Penikese Island House until Saturday when they went to the Mount Prospect. The deceased will be remembered as a large man of comparatively short stature, who walked slowly about our streets, looking like the suffering invalid that he was. The remains were taken Tuesday noon to Malden, Mass., where his sister, Mrs. Evelyn Kimball, resides.

The fountain in Trinity churchyard has been playing a number of days. It is located in the upper centre of the enclosure, being in the new part not long since added. The basin is of the usual size, eight sided and concrete inside. The water comes from the north-east in inch iron pipes about one-third of a mile. The stand pipe rises about half a dozen feet above the edge of the basin and is provided with a centre piece and four short arms, from each of which water can flow falling below in a gentle spray. There is about 75 feet fall so that when rising high into the air it goes above the trees near by. There are arrangements for regulating the flow of water and a waste pipe carries it to the woods to the east. The grounds are not yet cleared up about it but will be soon. The cost has been about \$500 so far, about equally divided between basin and bringing the water. In time an elegant fountain will be set in place of the pipe. The money to pay for this work has been raised by means of various entertainments by the Trinity Churchyard association, who may well feel proud of their labors.

Kendall's Sperm Cure always cures if properly used. Read advertisement.

Hundreds of clergymen, doctors and others have used it with success. Read the advertisement.

Two Years Ago
I was a sight to behold, and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years.—W. B. B. Manchester.

Rich in fat-producing material beyond all other foods and medicines are Malt-Bitters.

ROBINSON & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

SUPERIOR CABINET

Organs! Iron Foundry, FLOUR

MEREDITH, N. H.

Corner Canal and Auburn Streets, } MANCHESTER, N. H.
Near Freight Depot.

Our organ cases are all made from Solid Black Walnut or other woods as may be desired, and thoroughly seasoned, and will stand any test that wood is capable of. In the construction of these organs we use nothing but the very best materials obtainable.

Prices from \$75 upwards!

We are making a good

SUBSTANTIAL ORGAN

With two full sets of reeds and tremolo for the unprecedented

LOW PRICE OF \$75.00.

All instruments are warranted for SIX YEARS.

We also manufacture for Retail only

SUPERIOR WALNUT

AND OTHER

EXTENSION TABLES

OF SPLENDID FINISH

Which we are offering at Jobbers' Prices.

Tables of any length Desired

Our Tables are all made firm, and designed to stand the solid wear of every day use.

Please send for circular and price-list.

I would inform the ladies of Lacoia and vicinity that, having had twenty years experience in the line, I am prepared to do

DRESS MAKING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting Ladies' Outside Garments

I also hold the agency for

MRS. STEVENS'

Improved Chart Cutting

I am prepared to teach any who may wish to learn Dress Making.

MRS. G. H. OLNSTEAD.

First door south of Miss E. E. Folson's Millinery Store.

DR. F. L. MASON,

Dealer in

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Chemicals, Jewelry and Silver Ware

of all kinds, Fancy Goods, Toys,

Books, Stationery, Toilet

Articles, Perfumery, &c.

Dr. Mason having had nearly 20 years' experience as a regular practitioner, and having passed a satisfactory examination before the Commission of Pharmacy, will pay personal attention to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.

COR. MAIN AND WATER STS.

MEREDITH VILLAGE.

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW!

And set the wild echoes flying!

But in order to set the echoes flying, it is necessary to borrow or purchase the Bugle. Should you desire to do the latter, send to the well-known establishment at

33 Court St., Boston,

where everything of the bugle kind, as Cornets, Allos, Basses, &c., &c., is on sale; also everything with strings, as Violins, Violas, Guitars, Zithers, Harps, Banjos, and the like, and everything with reeds, as Accordion, Concertinas, &c. Also, Flutes, Flagelets, Music Boxes, Fifes, Drums, and in fact all instruments in common use, of the best American or foreign make, for sale at the store of John C. Haynes & Co., 33 Court street. 62-ly.

—CALL ON—

Bickford & Roberts,

When in want of anything

in the line of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Confectionery, Cigars,

Dry and Pickled Fish, Canned

Goods, Fruit, &c., &c.

Together with other goods usually kept in a country grocery store, which they will sell at the lowest living prices for cash or ready pay.

They hope by fair dealing to merit and receive a share of public patronage. BICKFORD & ROBERTS.

TELEGRAPHY

In a special department of the Commercial College, the only place in New England where Telegraphy is thoroughly and properly taught. Young men or ladies desirous of becoming Telegraph Operators need look no further. Expenses reasonable. Send for particulars to Telegraph Department, New Hampshire, N. H.

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Corner Canal and Auburn Streets, } MANCHESTER, N. H.
Near Freight Depot.



A. H. LOWELL Proprietor.

MANUFACTURER OF

Mechanical and Ornamental Iron Works

Of the latest and most approved pattern, and the largest assortment of goods in this line to be found in the State of New Hampshire, consisting of

Statues, Fountains, Aquariums, Deer, Dogs

Sphinxes, Griffins, Floating Swans, Flowers, etc.

A specialty made of chairs and settees for lawns and verandas. Also, all sorts of lawn and garden ornaments. Designs for this line of trade are being constantly received, and the latest styles extant may always be found. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO THE SELECTION OF

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS FOR FENCES,

Crestings for Mansard roofs, Finials, Crosses for Churches,

Railings for Banks, Counters, Offices, etc.

Stable fixtures of all kinds, hitching and lamp posts, plain and ornamental; fancy wall brackets,—in fact, everything in cast or wrought iron on hand or made to order. Also, Builders' Hardware. Please call at the Works and examine stock and prices.

Estimates for all kinds of Iron Work and Iron Building Material will be given at short notice. 78-ly

F. M. BOARDMAN,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

GRANITE WORK,

—AND DEALER IN MARBLE.—

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, Urns, Bases, Sockets, Inclosures for Lots, Steps and Buttresses, Caps and Sills, Stepping Stones, Underpinning and every variety of Granite, from the rough stock to the most elaborate hammered or polished work for Monumental or Building purposes.

MARBLE.

I have on hand an extensive collection of photographic designs obtained from one of the largest Marble firms in New England, therefore the widest range in selection is afforded, from which the purchaser will be sure to find something that will please in both style and price.

Being located near the railroad, my facilities for shipping are of the best, which fact enables me to furnish any description of work at the lowest possible rate.

Information, designs, estimates, &c., cheerfully furnished by mail or otherwise.

Address all communications to—

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LACONIA, N. H.

Works Near Cook's Lumber Yard.

ALL THE RAGE!

THE SPLENDID STOCK OF

Carpetings,

Paper Hangings,

WINDOW SHADES, PLAIN AND FANCY MATTINGS,

CROCKERY AND SILVER WARE, WHICH

J. M. STEWART & SON,

(Successors to J. W. Stearns),

Main St., opp. State House, Concord,

Are now offering at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. Every article just what it is claimed to be or no sale. WE CAN AND WILL ship goods on orders to any part of the State, promptly and as well as if ordered in person.

Satisfaction Guaranteed in every Particular!

If you are in need of any article in our line, come and see us before buying elsewhere. Make no account of car fare or express charged, it can be saved, (and a pleasant trip to the State Capital thrown in), by buying wisely and well. Remember these terms can be had only at

J. M. STEWART & SON'S,

Main St., opposite State House,

Concord, N. H.

TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

FLOUR

ST. CLAIR

Keeps the Best

Bread Flour made in

the country, and

is the brand.

He also keeps the

finest brands of St.

Louis, such as the

Calla

Lily

—AND—

MORSE MILLS.

If you want a bar-

rel, call and buy one.

Sold Cheap for Cash.

B. F. ST. CLAIR,

Town Hall,

Plymouth, N. H.

BUY THE BEST!

THE

DAVIS

SEWING

MACHINE

—IS THE—

Lightest Running

Shuttle Machine in the world.

Unequaled in Simplicity.

Strength and Durability.

Over 250 sold from

this agency the last

three years.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

The "Davis" is sold as low as

any good machine for cash, or on in-

stallment. For further particulars,

Apply to

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W. S. DAVIS & SON,

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CARRIAGES

of all descriptions built to order.

We keep the

BEST STYLES

on hand for the benefit of our patrons.

If you want anything in the carriage

line, send us a description and get our

prices.

We have on hand Two second-hand

Horse Wagons, have been used in the

coal business; easily changed to Ox

Carts. Will sell cheap.

W. S. Davis & Son,

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NEWMAN'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

is brought to your notice with the assur-

ance that no better remedy

has ever been prepared for

the cure of wounds, bruises,

scalds, burns, cuts, sores, blisters,

ulcers, piles, boils, and

in fact for any disease of

the skin. Testimonials have been re-

ceived from all parts of the

world, and without doubt have

been the cause of the great

popularity of this ointment.

It is one of the best remedies

ever used for wounds, cuts, sores, galls,

or scratches on horses. In the

past few years this ointment

has had an extensive sale, and

we have yet to hear of a single

instance where it has failed to

give perfect satisfaction. Price

25 cents a box. Prepared by

C. T. Newman, Druggist, Man-

chester, N. H. For sale by

druggists generally. Whole-

sale agents—Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., and Gilman

Brothers, Boston, Mass.

Sold by J. S. Tufts,

Plymouth.

THE GREAT CAUSE

Human Misery.

Just published in a Sealed Envelope. Price

six cents.

A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREAT-

ment, and radical cure of Natural Weakness,

or Impotency, induced by Self-abuse,

Involution, Emission, Impotency, Nervous

Debility, and Impediments to marriage gener-

ally. Consumption, Epilepsy, &c., by ROBERT J.

CULVERWELL, M.D., author of the "Green

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

Maine.

Salmon are seen in greater numbers than before for twenty years.

The corrected census returns from Bangor put the population down to 18,856, which is a loss of 145 since 1870.

Joseph L. Holton of Saco, was caught by an edging machine and pressed against a pile of lumber breaking both of his legs.

Seven hundred dollars worth of diamonds belonging to W. L. Sturges of Portland, Ore., were stolen from a room in a bathing-house at Old Orchard Beach a few days since.

Joseph T. Shirley, a respected citizen of Conway, formerly on the Portland police force, committed suicide a few mornings ago by hanging.

Louis E. Gagne, a Biddeford fish goods dealer, has become insane.

Wm. H. Sweet, aged about 40, was drowned in Portland harbor, recently, by the capsizing of a mail boat.

The water in the Sebago lake chain is lower than for 35 years.

New Hampshire.

Thomas O'Brien, six years old, fell through a railroad bridge at Laconia a day or two ago and was drowned.

The Free-Will Baptist church at Weirs collected \$19,622 for general denominational work. The contingent fund was \$600,000.

T. R. Gannon and S. L. Leavitt have started a new business mill at Leavitt.

Snow fell on the summit of Mt. Washington recently.

Syngene & Whitecomb are moving their box factory from Hope Mills, near Keene, to the new building at Wilson point.

There had been 29,420 tons of Lake Winnipeg ice sent over the Boston and Maine railroad up to July 15.

Thomas Langley, aged 19, was instantly killed at the Manchester Mills a few days since by descending the elevator. The body was horribly mutilated.

Mrs. Loomis Searle of Manchester was recently assaulted on the road to Hooksett, by two Frenchmen, named Gaud and Martel. Charles H. Bradford came to the woman's assistance and the second one was arrested.

N. A. Bailey, a graduate of Wesleyan university in 1877, and late of the high school at Watford, Ct., is chosen principal of the Keene high school.

Vermont.

Allen Beach of Ferrisburgh recently moved 14 acres of stout hemlock-gum with a span of horses and moving machine in seven hours.

Lightning struck the house of a man named Jarbo at Holland recently, nearly demolishing the house, scalding Jarbo, and also injuring his wife.

A girl named Bailey aged 10, recently caught the post-office at Vergennes, and was caught in the act. She ran her hand through the letter-box opening, which is three-quarters of an inch wide by five inches long, and situated so that the operation would not be noticed by the clerk.

The Lake Champlain serpent has been seen in Mississippi where it showed several coils, each 30 feet long, with head as large as a four barrel, with hideous green eyes, and made no noise in moving like the paddle-wheels of a steamboat.

Harry P. Conway, late of St. Albans, died at Topsham, Kan., recently from an overdose of chloroform.

Julius Holist was killed at Fair Haven the other evening by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands.

Stephen Colgan was drowned while bathing in the Connecticut river a few days ago.

Dogs are making and having with the season around Fair Haven, Hiram Hamilton being the other night, one of which was valued at \$200.

Massachusetts.

The "Old Pine Street Church" in Boston and chiefly for the storage of furniture, was destroyed by fire recently.

Miles McDougall born in Ireland died in Boston a few days ago, aged 101.

Col. Robert G. Shaw of Boston who fell in the assault at Fort Wagner is to be commemorated by a statue.

The Sisters of Charity of Holyoke are going to build a hospital at Ingleside corner of \$12,000 to \$14,000. It will be of brick with granite trimmings in front and on one end.

John Reed of Dalton ate a doughnut the other evening while walking with a cane and with arsenic and left in the cellar to kill rats, and only the timely arrival of the doctor saved his life.

The American association for the advancement of science held its next meeting at Boston from August 25 to September 1.

Rev. J. W. Malcom of the Pleasant-street Methodist church at New Bedford joined the Congregational church, recently, at the same time with Rev. W. C. Stiles of the Universalist church.

A fire at Westfield resulted in the Hampden ship company's building causing a loss of \$100,000.

The Bennett public library association of Bellingham accepted the \$5000 gift of Mrs. Joseph Bennett for a site and building, and \$1000 to buy books, from Mrs. George Holden and Mrs. W. W. Warren.

The new Webster mansion at Marshfield, on the site of the old house, which was burned, is nearly finished, and will have cost about \$10,000.

John Anderson of East Boston, has rescued four drowning men since March, and saved five in 1878.

Boston has now under consideration a proposition, which if accepted will introduce a novel feature in the September parade. Mr. John W. Fernald, purchased all the properties used in the parade, and now offers to introduce this parade on the evening of the 17th, and thereby give a grand display of the city's beauties. The properties cost the city of New Orleans \$30,000, and the time required for the parade of the parade at any given point is not two hours.

A monster marine animal, supposed to be a sea serpent, was seen in Essex river on a recent afternoon by Capt. George C. Barnham and Capt. Mark of the Essex river, and was seen while sailing up the river. The head was under water, and they saw at least one hundred feet of its body—large as a barrel. It went off in Spanish bay.

The house of E. F. Talbot at Norwood, was recently burned. Mr. Talbot and his wife were chloroformed, and over \$700 in money was taken.

Milford is to have a pleasure park.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union are giving free rides to poor invalids.

It is curious that the lands given by the Boston Common, scarcely ever play an American tune.

A lucky accident happened recently to Capt. Robert Calder of Nantucket, over 30 years old, who has been blind in one eye for 30 years, because of a fire over it. He was cutting some pine twigs, when a splinter flew into the right eye, cutting the film, and letting in the light.

Connecticut.

Joseph Zimmerman, now in Litchfield jail for an assault on Mrs. Anna Fenn, is suspected of the murder of the two widows at Avon. The absence of any motive for the crime leads to the theory that it is a murder. Zimmerman is a German, and will not account for himself just before his arrival at Hartford, on 23 days.

A man in New Haven, who is 23 years of age and weighs about 155 pounds, has lifted, five times in succession, 335 pounds.

T. W. Hanson of Hartford has nearly finished a violin for Kennedy, a Guarneri model, and almost a facsimile of the two most renowned originals, one of which is in R. D. Hawley's Hartford collection, and the other, once Paganini's, is owned by the Italian government.

Ward Haight, his wife and daughter, and Belden Wood of Stamford were lost in the schooner "Paganini" which was wrecked on a rocky shoal near Long Island in a small sloop, overloaded with drift-wood, which was captured by a sloop.

The New London county bar appointed a committee at Norwich lately to inquire into the condition of Clerk Park of the superior court (who recently paid \$6,000 of case of type while drunk and was given power to call a bar meeting for further action).

Gen. Dumont, inspector-general of steamboats, says at Washington that the evidence taken at New London regarding the Narragansett disaster, shows conclusively that the collision was entirely due to reckless infatuation, and that the local inspectors are blameless.

GENERAL NEWS.

There are 70 cases of small-pox in Camden, N. J., and it is feared the disease will become epidemic.

Twelve of Boyd & Peters circus men involved in the abduction and outraging of Salome Bartlett near Greenburg, Pa., have been held for trial and the others discharged.

Mrs. Lumsden, living on Masonboro sound, seven miles from Wilmington N. C., was taken ill, and died recently while lying in bed sick.

The volcano Puego in Guatemala, after many years of silence is exceedingly active. The whole heavens for miles around are filled with smoke.

In response to a request from the state department, Capt. Band and Mate Barr have been ordered to the schooner, the E. A. Morris, to move there six miles from the Cuban coast where fired upon by the Spanish gunboat.

Judge Cooks of the supreme court has decided that a plot of property in Brooklyn, N. Y. valued at \$250,000, belongs to the late brother of Benjamin, one of whom is a claimant of the other a day laborer. Over \$100,000 of back rent is collected.

The little Western from Gloucester Mass., arrived at Cotes recently. The weather during the voyage was rough, and on June 23 the crew and fears of the captain. On coming ashore, the two companions, Capt. George P. Thomas and Fred Norman, could scarcely stand, but the stiffness soon wore off.

The total losses charged off by national banks during the six months ending March 1 were \$7,561,886. The losses for the corresponding period of 1878 were \$10,238,314, and in 1878 \$10,593,145.

G. M. Branson of Jacksonville, Fla., is under arrest at New York for forging \$107,000 worth of "national improvement bonds," of Jacksonville. He held a boy to sign the name of ex-mayor A. J. Baldwin to the bonds. Branson confessed the forgery and states that about \$25,000 worth of the bonds are in the hands of merchants.

An election riot occurred in Pernambuco, Brazil, June 27, and the soldiers and police fired upon the people, killing 20, including Baron Da Silva. He held a boy to sign the name of ex-mayor A. J. Baldwin to the bonds.

A strong shock of earthquake was felt at Smyrna, recently. The walls of the telegraph office were split, and several houses are reported to have been thrown down.

Fifteen diggers went to the house of Joe Thompson, a colored man, 30 miles from Atlanta, Ga., a few nights ago, dragged him out, beat him and his wife fearfully, fatally shot his son and killed his daughter.

A man and woman passed middle age, supposed to be Old Man Bender and his wife Kate, the notorious Kansas murderers were captured at Trenton, Neb., recently. Both made a partial confession.

Minnesota's population is 780,072, an increase of 349,356 since 1870. The third congressional district has more than doubled in population.

An agent of the Internal revenue department seized an illicit still of 1000 gallons capacity on the farm of John C. Smith, at New York. The still was two miles beyond Yorkers, on the Hudson. A fine of \$1000 was levied.

John H. Clemenshaw was convicted of perjury in San Francisco. He is the witness who swore so strongly that Charles De Young fired the shot at L. M. Kallio.

Uriah Usher, aged 78, was shot and killed by his son Frank, aged 23, at Kingston, Wis., recently. According to the son's story, they had a quarrel about hunting some wild geese, and the father got a butcher knife from the pantry and threatened to disembowel the son, who, who was in bed, and when his father advanced on him began firing, and only stopped when he fell.

At Moholy, Mo., a mob fired on a man named Cook who was being taken to court to be tried for rape. The husband of the outraged woman finished the criminal by putting five shots into him.

Consular reports confirm the rumors that hostilities have commenced between the Albanians and Montenegrins.

The number of Turkish troops stationed on the Greek frontier is 24,000 men, 1400 horse, and 218 cannons, and for active service.

A Spanish galleon overhauled and searched the American schooner George Washington off Cape Mass, when 14 miles away from the coast of Cuba. The Spaniard is supposed to be a prize vessel that has committed several similar outrages on American merchantmen.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the steamer *Sewanawa*, finds nobody to blame.

W. H. Chubb, the abiding president of the First National bank of Georgetown, Col., was recently arrested in New York. He stole \$100,000.

A figure-head, supposed to be that of the lost British training ship *Atlanta*, was recently found by the bark *Glad of Devon*.

The Japanese are shipping gold to the United States.

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Inhuman.

BOLD ROBERT OF A POOR SEAMSTRESS.

Charlotte L. Owen, of New York, made the following complaint at the Tombs police court:

She had been for years working as sempstress to Hebrew dealers, and had contrived by her economical habits, and by depriving herself of the necessities of life, to lay by \$400 or \$500. It was done by working long hours day and night, and practicing extreme frugality in her little expenses. It was deposited in the Six Penny savings bank, under the impression that the managers of that institution were prompted by philanthropy in establishing it. Then the evil hour came, and the bank suspended payment. She was overwhelmed with affliction, but still continued to eke out a miserable existence at her needlework.

When a dividend was declared she found herself unexpectedly in possession of nearly \$100, and was greatly relieved. However, a Louis Fucot, teller in the bank, wormed himself into her confidence, and by promising her that through influence he could exercise in Washington, he would be able to procure her a \$100 United States bond, he induced her to hand over to him her money, as she was fearful of again approaching the doors of a savings bank. Fucot's promises turned out to have been written on sand. Soon afterwards he informed her at his office that he had unfortunately lost her money, and that he was not prepared to replace it at present, having no funds of his own. He endeavored to soothe her agitated feelings by offering to get her a situation, but she had no further confidence in him. On being taken before Justice Duffy, he treated the accusation lightly, and professed his willingness to befriend his victim in any way in his power. The magistrate was evidently much touched by Miss Owen's statement, and expressed his sympathy on seeing her in such delicate health. He sternly rebuked the conduct of Fucot, and required him to furnish bonds for his appearance on trial.

—N. Y. Mail.

To Preserve Health.

Rise betimes, always at the same hour, and begin the day with the cold or tepid salt water bath, obtaining free action of the skin by the evening soft water and soap warm bath once in three days.

Fruit in the morning is invaluable, and the best kind is good oranges, eaten before breakfast. Prunes after dinner have also a laxative and cooling tendency. Now, as the great object of the autumn holiday is to quiet the nervous system, and re-invigorate the system for the winter campaign at desk or counter, we should carefully attend to what and how we eat. A short stay at any healthy watering-place will soon tend to increase the appetite, and we should take advantage of this to live well for the time being, avoiding, however, meats and vegetables that are difficult to digest. Coffee is better for breakfast than tea; fish, too, should always be eaten with this meal, with a little steak or chop, and a boiled egg, with a fair allowance of good bread and butter, and it is an excellent plan to finish up with a tumbler of cool rich milk. This, even in the most bracing climate, should sustain one till about 1.30 p. m., the best hour for luncheon. In faint between meals, a little lemonade and a dry biscuit should be taken, but never greatly disturbs the process of digestion, and spirits are apt to unnecessarily augment the flow of the gastric juice, and in delicate constitutions to cause acidity of the stomach, with flatulence. The luncheon should be fairly substantial, and soup therewith does good. If a feeling of weariness follows this meal, one ought to lie down for an hour; but whether or not, no exercise should be taken after lunch, for some time at least. Dinner may be taken at six o'clock. It should never be hurried. Cheerful company at dinner is a great aid to digestion. While at the sea-side one may partake with benefit of several dishes, including soup and white-fish, and concluding with light puddings and fruits. The best vegetables are potatoes, greens, peas (if they agree), turnips, spinach, and raw tomatoes. The last is a most invaluable blood purifier. —Harper's Weekly.

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